

A Fawcett Publication

Monte Hale

WESTERN

JUNE

10¢

NO. 61

1951

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE OWL CREEK HOLDUP

GABBY HAYES



Kids!

SEE NEW "COME TO LIFE" PICTURES OF RODEO COWBOYS - CALF BRANDING AND CATTLE ROUND-UPS

SEE THESE FAMOUS
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IN THE DEEP

ANOTHER EXCITING "R.C."
AND QUICKIE ADVENTURE



"R.C." AND "QUICKIE" ARE BEING
PULLED IN DANGEROUS MARCH WAYS
...SUDDELY AN OCTOPUS SUCKS OUT
OF THE DEPTHS AND GRABS
"QUICKIE"!



"R.C." AND "QUICKIE" ARE BEING
PULLED IN DANGEROUS MARCH WAYS
...SUDDELY AN OCTOPUS SUCKS OUT
OF THE DEPTHS AND GRABS
"QUICKIE"!





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W. J. Newman, Jr., President

MONTE HALE

and THE OWL CREEK HOLDUP!

Throughout the West, the name "Owlhoot" means an outlaw who defies the law, hidden by the shadows of night! But in the frontier town of Ransow, "Owlhoot" came to have a new meaning as coach after coach jumped back into town with tales of having been ambushed and robbed on Owl Creek Bridge! Monte Hale leaped up his six guns to investigate--and he did, with a speed that left the great horned owl above the bridge blinking their eyes in amazement!



A WELLS FARGO COACH IS
READY TO SET OUT FROM
RANSOW!

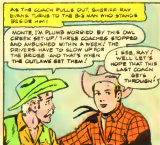
ALL SET,
SHERIFF?
WE'RE READY
TO PULL
OUT!

GOOD! AND
REMEMBER
WHAT I TOLD
YOU! BE ON
GUARD WHEN
YOU GET TO
OWL CREEK
BRIDGE!



THREE COACHES HAVE BEEN
HELD UP CROSSING THAT
BRIDGE IN THE LAST WEEK--
AND YOU DON'T WANT TO
MAKE A FOULUP! BE CARE-
FUL WHEN YOU HEAR THOSE
OWL HOOTING!





FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO PLAN SOME SPECIAL PRECAUTIONS FOR THE NEXT COACH TO GO THROUGH! SUPPOSE I RIDE ON THAT COACH AS A GUARD!

GOOD ENOUGH!

AND SUPPOSE YOU AND SOME TRUSTWORTHY DEPUTIES WAIT UNDER THE BRIDGE! IF THE OUTLAWS STRIKE, WE'LL GO AT THEM TOP AND BOTTOM!

THAT PLAN OUGHT TO WORK, MONTE! IT'LL BE AT NIGHT, BECAUSE THAT'S WHEN THE OUTLAWS ALWAYS STRIKE!

THAT NIGHT...

JUST LISTEN TO THOSE OLD HOOT-OWLS, PHOOEE!

DON'T WIND THEM, CLEM! KEEP LISTENING FOR THE COACH! WHEN IT COMES BY, WE WANT TO BE READY TO MOVE FAST!

IF THE OUTLAWS STRIKE TONIGHT... WE'LL BE READY FOR THEM!

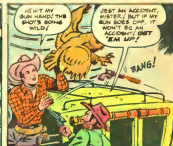
MEANWHILE, ON THE COACH...

HEAR THOSE OWLS IN THE DISTANCE, MONTE! WE'RE GETTING NEAR THE OWL CREEK BRIDGE! I'LL HAVE TO SLOW DOWN.

CHECK! I'LL BE ON GUARD!

HOOT! HOOT!

HYOEA, BACH! SLOW DOWN, FUM, NABBY CAPTUSES!

















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FOREST ALLY

A Gray Hawk Story

By Dick Kraus

GRAY HAWK and his friend, Swift Deer, crouched by the edge of a slowly running stream. The two Ojapi youths cupped their hands and drank the clear, sweet-tasting water. For the past three days, Gray Hawk and Swift Deer had been traveling through the deep forest, with only brief moments of rest.

"Let us make camp here for the night, Swift Deer," said Gray Hawk, stretching his bronze arms wearily. "Then, at dawn, we will continue toward the Dakota village."

The other boy nodded.

Of all the youths in the Ojapi tribe, Gray Hawk was known as the most skilled in the ways of the forest. That was why, when word came of a threatened attack by beavers of the Dakota tribe, it was Gray Hawk who was chosen to go on a scouting expedition into the Dakota country. And, to go with him, the chief's son had chosen Swift Deer.

As they rested in the shade, there was a sudden crackling sound across the stream. Both youths tensed momentarily, silently reaching hands toward their weapons. Then, seeing what had made the sound, they relaxed. It was a beaver on the opposite bank!

Lopping off a branch of a felled birch, the brown-furred animal swam with it toward its dam, about thirty yards down the stream.

"Gray Hawk," whispered his friend, "why cannot man be like that beaver? He lives and works in peace, disturbing no one, and with no one disturbing him!"

But Gray Hawk leaned forward, keen eyes alert. He pointed across the stream. "Look," he said. "The beaver does not always have a peaceful life! An enemy of the beaver had crept from the forest, and was beginning to slink up on him. It was a huge Canada lynx, a heavily-furred, tufted-eared killer! Slowly, patiently, the big lynx began to creep toward the helpless beaver.

Moving inch by inch, with its tail twitching from side to side, it prepared to spring.

But at that moment, Gray Hawk quickly loosed an arrow to the string of his bow. He drew it back and released it.

The shaft hummed straight and true! As the vicious giant cat descended upon the suddenly terrified beaver, the arrow buried itself in its throat! The beaver reared for the stream and plunged in, his broad tail slapping the water with a loud report. In a moment he was out of sight.

Both Ojapi youths laughed. Swift Deer clapped a hand against his friend's arm.

"Good enough," he exclaimed, "Perhaps the beaver will do you a good turn some time! And now let us get some rest! Tomorrow we enter the territory of the Dakotas! And if they catch us, I do not think they will show us any more mercy than the lynx would have shown that beaver . . ."

Three days later, Gray Hawk ran through the same deep forest, in a winding, weaving direction! Behind him followed an angry swarm of Dakota warriors, weapons ready to slay the stranger who had ventured onto their land.

After leaving the creek, the next morning, the two Ojapi boys had fitted through the forest, until they came to the edge of the Dakota village. There they had watched, as the Dakota beavers took part in a tribal war dance!

"It is true then," Gray Hawk had said, "They are going to wage war on our people!"

"We must hurry to warn the elders of the tribe!"

But, going through the forest, they had been discovered by Dakota scouts! Soon, they were pursued by a whole band of raging enemy braves. Quickly, as they fled together, they had made plans. Swift Deer was to race through the forest, directly for the Ojapi village, to give warning. And Gray Hawk would act as a decoy, running in a winding path, and showing himself to the Dakotas from time to time, to keep them following him, and not Swift Deer!

Thus far, the plan had worked.

Swift Deer had had enough time to reach the Otapi village and warn the braves of the impending danger. Now it remained only for Gray Hawk to escape, saving his own life!

Racing through the forest at top speed now, the lithe young Indian sprang to the top of a boulder.

Far behind him, he could hear the angry cries of the pursuing Dakota braves. He would have to throw them off the track in some way. Tensing his muscles, Gray Hawk sprang forward in a long leap. Steel-like fingers caught at the low-bending limb of a giant oak. Swinging through the air from there, he landed lightly on another flat boulder. From that, he jumped onto another rock—and then onto a heavy, rough-barked tree.

An hour later, the Otapi boy's hands suddenly parted a thicket that opened onto a wide, sluggishly moving creek. For a brief moment, his lips twisted in a smile. He knew this spot! It was where he had saved that beaver from the lynx! And there was the beaver, still working industriously on his dam.

"That must be a great temple he is building for his family, under the water," Gray Hawk muttered to himself.

Wearily, he sank to his knees and drank from the stream.

Then he lay back and closed his eyes. He was tired, more tired than he had been for a long time. But now he was almost within friendly territory. By nightfall, Gray Hawk mused, he should be safe.

At this moment, he heard a sharp, unmistakable report! It was the sound of the beaver plunging into the water: the warning made by his tail striking the surface.

At once alert, Gray Hawk half-rose to his feet! With horror, he saw the bushes opposite him, across the creek, suddenly part. There appeared the painted faces of three Dakota warriors! With a blood-curdling yell of triumph, they shouted, pointing at him! Swiftly they clapped arrows to bowstrings.

As they released the deadly shafts, Gray Hawk realized that there was but one thing to do! Bating at the air in a desperate effort to fill his lungs, the slender youth sprang forward in a long, clean dive. Moments before his body cleaved the water, he heard the enemy arrows hiss past him! One bore a burning

furrow in his back—and then ploughed its way free!

Then he hit the water!

Deep he went . . . deep in the murky green, slowly flowing stream! Kicking like a frog, fighting to keep on the bottom, he swam, to get as far away from the bank as possible! But now his air was beginning to give out, so that his lungs protested painfully.

Kicking up, he rose to the surface.

As he broke through into the air, the enemy braves shouted again, and launched their arrows at him. In that brief moment, Gray Hawk did several things. He gulped a great chestful of air. He took a quick look, to locate the beaver dam. And, as he went down, he thrashed his arms furiously, to make it appear as if he had been hit by an arrow and was sinking to the bottom.

But, once beneath the surface, Gray Hawk's movement was clear and decided.

He had located the direction of the beaver dam. Now he swam toward it, under water. Stroking long and hard, he fought his way for what seemed like an endless period of time. Then, at last, when his breath seemed bound to fail, he came up against the solid, earthen bank that marked the beaver home. Clutching at the bank, he felt the opening that marked the entrance to the above-surface den.

AS HE struggled toward it, he felt the rush of furry bodies escaping past him. Then, heaving up, he pulled his head and shoulders into the den. It was dark and dark—but it was above the surface of the water—and it was concealed thoroughly from the prying eyes of the enemy! They would never suspect where he was hiding! Perhaps they would wait for a time, but finally they would have to conclude that he had been slain by an arrow, and had sunk to the bottom. Then, at night, he would silently leave the stream, and pad through the forest to safety!

"Thanks, friend beaver," Gray Hawk whispered to the empty lodge. "You've paid me back for that Canada lynx—by lending me your temple! It's the best I've ever been in!"

THE END

The adventures of GRAY HAWK appear each month in MONTE HALE WESTERN.



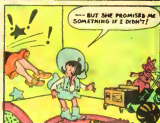
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PINHEAD and FOODINI



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AM A LITTLE MAN, ONCE SAID, IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS THAT AFFECT OUR LIVES MOST—SUCH AS THE FEY LIGHTS ON GARY'S NOSE.



CONVINCE YUH, YUH TERRY CRITTER! HAVE ME SLEEP OR I'LL REAP YUH FLIES TO FEY HEAVEN.



PACKING HIS COAT, GARY GOES AFTER HIS BARRY WITH A MORE LETHAL FEY WEAPON.



GARY RIDES IN PURSUIT OF THE ELUSIVE ACE OF HIS GLIMMER.



GARY IS SO CONCENTRATED ON GRIPPING THE REIN THAT HE DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE HE IS RIDING ON THE RACE COURSE.





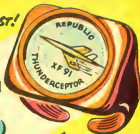
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*Wear 'em!
Collect 'em!
Swap 'em!*



OLD SLICK

BY
CRACKY!



(GROWL) HAW! SOMEONE THAT BUSYBODY, STRONG FEET! EVERY TIME HE SEES ME HE TRIES TO FIND OUT ALL ABOUT MY FEARS AND WHAT THEY'RE DOING!



WELL, I'LL GIVE HIM SOME INFORMATION THAT'LL MAKE HIM THINK TWICE ABOUT ASKING AGAIN!



HOWDY, OLD SLICK! I'VE BEEN A RUN INTO YOU! WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT COLUMN OF WORDS YOU COULDN'T GET A JOB AROUND HERE?

OH, HE'S AN IMPORTANT MAN NOW! HE WENT TO COLLEGE AND BECAME A PSYCHIATRIST!



WANT YOUR COLUMN BE A PSYCHIATRIST?

YES! AT A CHICKEN FARM!



WANT! HE'S A PSYCHIATRIST AT A CHICKEN FARM?

THAT'S RIGHT—



—HE EXAMINES CRACKED EGGS!

Ranch
Owner
Owen



well, I didn't say anything about it
[Linda] I wanted her to know, but I
didn't think I was fit to be making
statements about my private life.



BLUNT POLYN



YUN DO EHI WEL HE WANTS
TO BORROW SOME MONEY
OFF ME! DO YEN KNOW ANYTHING
ABOUT HIM?



MONTE HALE

and

THE
CHUCK
WAGON
COYOTE

BANG!
BANG!

The life of the ranch cook is not an easy one—especially when it's roundup time, and he's out on the range! It's "Cookie, do this!" and "Cookie, do that!" Small wonder, then, that no one wanted to take the place of the missing boss of the chuck wagon! No one, that is, but MONTE HALE...who felt that a sizzling skillet ought to be as easy to handle as a smoking .45!

IT IS PAYBREAK ON THE RANGE, BUT NO HAND REACHES TO RING THE IRON TRIANGLE THAT RINGS FROM THE CHUCK WAGON! THERE IS NO SOUND...



...UNTIL A YARNING COW-
HAND STRETCHES, AND...

WELL, I'LL BE! FREE AND
EASY, FELLERS! THE
COOKIE'S DESERTED US!



WHAT'S THAT,
SOURDOUGH?
HAS BOCK
RAN OUT?

HE SURE HAS,
MONTE! HIS
BED-ROLL IS
GONE—AND HE'S
LEFT IS A NOTE.









NO USE! THEY'RE REALLY HEADED CROSS-COUNTRY THIS TIME — BY WAY OF THAT ARROYO!



AS THE CATTLE STAMPEDE THROUGH THE ARROYO...

WELL, LOOK AT THAT! A NEAT LITTLE GIFT PACKAGE ALL WRAPPED UP AND TIED FOR US!

NOT A GIFT, RED! I FIGURED THAT THE STORM MIGHT SCARE THE HEED DOWN HERE! NOW LET'S GET MOVING WITH THEM!



EE-YAH! KEEP 'EM MOVING!

RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO GET CLEAR... BEFORE THOSE COWBOYS MOT IS AGAIN! GEE, THERE!



NOT RIDING IN PURSUIT, MONTE SEES WHAT HAS HAPPENED!

OH OH! THE RUSTLERS WERE HIDING OUT DOWN THERE—AND THEY'RE GETTING AWAY WITH THE HEED! I'VE GOT TO FETCH HELP!



WHAT'S UP MONTE? HOW'S DINNER COMING?

NEVER MIND THAT! THAT LIGHTNING JUST SET A TREE ABLAZE AND STAMPEDED THE HEED THAT WAS BESIDE THE CHUCK WAGON! THE MASKED RUSTLERS HAVE GOT THEM—AND THEY ARE TO KEEP THEM!



LEAD THE WAY, MONTE! HE AIN'T TO GET THOSE RANGERS BACK-PROTIO!

GOOD ENOUGH! LET'S RUDE!



BENEATH OVERCAST SKIES, THE RIFLEMEN ARE ALMOST OUT OF SIGHT! BUT MONTE'S KEEN EYES DETECT THEM!

THERE! THEY'RE HEADING ACROSS THAT PLATEAU! LET'S GET THEM OFF!



LOOK! THEY'RE COMING UP ON US! AND THAT'S MONTE HALE IN THE CHIEF'S HAT—LEADING THEM!

CONSIDER HIM! I'LL FIX HIS WAGON RIGHT NOW!



CLOSE—BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH! NOW TO TRY MY LUCK AGAIN!



I'D LIKE TO CAPTURE THOSE CRITTERS ALL AT ONCE... WITHOUT WASTING THEM IF ANY MORE THAN I HAVE TO! SO I'LL TRY SOME TRICK SHOOTING THAT MAY TURN THE TABLES!

BANG!
BANG!
BANG!



GREAT DAY! WE HIT OUR CARTRIDGE BELTS!

AND OUR BULLETS ARE GOING OFF LIKE POPCORN!



AS THEY HEAR THE STACCATO BATTLE OF EXPLODING CARTRIDGES, THE OUTLAW HORSES BEGIN TO BUCK FRANTICALLY!



LOOK, MONTE! IT'S BETTER IN A CIRCUS! THEY'RE GETTING BUCKED OFF LIKE OVERRIPE ORANGES IN A WINDSTORM!

I FIGURED THAT MIGHT HAPPEN WHEN I AIMED FOR THEIR GUNBELTS!



WHILE SUPPER IS SERVED, MONTE HALE RINGS HIS
LOOP ALONG THE SADDLE OUTFITTERS.



HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE CRACK WAGON...



NATIVES CALLED THE GALE

KILLER OF THE CARIBBEES

TWO YOUNG ADVENTURERS—RED AND ARCH—are sailing the R Sloop "RED BALL" AROUND THE WORLD.

THE JIB'S BEING CARRIED AWAY! GRAB IT—WE'RE SWAMPED!

CAN'T BELIEVE IT—CLEATS TORN OUT!

HOLD IT—OR I CAN'T KEEP HER HEAD INTO THE WIND!

RED! RED! LOOK—WE'LL BE SWAMPED!

BLAZES! HANG ON, ARCH!

ARE YOU OKAY, ARCH?

SURE! THESE ARCH-GARDS REALLY STICK TO THE DECK!

ROCKS! DEAD AHEAD!

ONLY BALL-BAND HAS THE ARCH-GARD

GUARDS ALL 3 VITAL POINTS!



WHAT A BLOW—NO WONDER THEY CALL IT "THE KILLER"—HOW ARE YOUR LEGS, ARCH?

GRAY THANKS TO MY ARCH-GARDS THEY SURE HELP PREVENT STRAIN ON LEG MUSCLES!

HANG ON TO THE JIB, ARCH—THE HARBOR'S JUST BEYOND—IF WE CAN CLEAR 'EM WE'RE SAFE

GUARD YOUR FEET WITH THE SHOES THAT GIVE VITAL 3 POINT SUPPORT

ARCH-GARD

by BALL-BAND

LOOK FOR THE RED BALL TRADE MARK ON THE SHOE





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